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The STATE *of the* NATION *in* 1777, *Compared with the* STATE *of the* NATION *in the famous Year of* CONQUEST *and of* GLORY 1759.

By the DEAN *of* GLOUCESTER.

AN inquiry into the ſtate of the nation is always proper, if entered upon with judgment, and conducted with temper and impartiality; but the very reverſe, if begun by ignorance and carried on by faction.

The term ſtate of the nation is too vague a phraſe to preſent us with an object fit for our inquiries to any ſalutary or uſeful purpoſe. We muſt therefore firſt reduce it to more narrow bounds, or divide it into its component parts; and after we have examined each part ſeparately, we may then be enabled to form a ſound judgment of the whole. For certainly a ſtate of the nation comprehends the whole.

I ſhall therefore beg leave to examine into the ſtate of the nation reſpecting nine grand and capital articles, viz.—Population—agriculture—manufactures—the land and freſh water carriage of goods—the ſalt water carriage of goods—the ſtate of our fiſheries at home and abroad—the tendency of taxes—the neat proceeds or clear amount of our taxes—and the national debt.—For moſt undoubtedly each of theſe is a proper object for a parliamentary inquiry; and all of them taken together form the complex idea called the State of the Nation. Moreover, I do not know of any others, but ſuch as either coincide with theſe, or may be comprehended under them.

It is likewiſe neceſſary, that we ſhould compare each of theſe articles, as they ſubſiſt at preſent, with the like articles, as they ſubſiſted in ſome former period; in order to diſcover, by ſuch a compariſon, whether our national affairs have been progreſſive or retrograde ſince that time: and I can think of no period ſo proper, of none ſo acceptable to one party, and not to be objected to by the other, as the famous æra of 1759—that period of glory and conqueſt, when every thing was ſuppoſed to go right—as we are aſſured, that now every thing goes wrong.

I. POPULATION.

IN regard to population, it is to be feared, that our numbers have not increaſed, nay, that they have decreaſed

ſince the year 1759. But I do aver, that this depopulation was more owing to a bad police during the peace [peace I mean with the Americans,] than to any havock made by the preſent war. For the emigrations from Great Britain and Ireland ſince the fatal acquiſition of Canada, have been enormous, and almoſt incredible; ſo that were I to ſay, that 6000 perſons have emigrated annually at an average to North America from theſe iſlands, I ſhould be greatly within the mark. Yet even this in 18 years time amounts to upwards of 100,000 ſouls, beſides their natural increaſe by propagation. Therefore I aſk, What are our loſſes by war, of which we ſo heavily complain, if compared with thoſe which we ſuſtained during a peace; and concerning which our patriotic declaimers, both within doors and without, have been entirely ſilent? Surely our zeal, of which we are now ſo full, ought to have operated a little on that account as well as on this; and it would not have been unbecoming either a Britiſh or an Iriſh patriot to have propoſed ſome check or other for preventing theſe two mother countries from becoming deſarts, in order to people and cultivate the deſarts of America. Much more might have been added on this ſubject, and ſeveral good laws might have been ſuggeſted for preventing emigrations to America, as well as to other countries; various policies might be propoſed for encouraging our people to ſtay at home, and to build cottages, and cultivate our waſte lands, or to follow certain mechanic trades; from moſt of which they are now prohibited by law.—But I muſt haſten to another important ſubject, viz.

II. AGRICULTURE.

HERE, then, let the inquiry proceed in the following manner.—What was the ſtate of agriculture laſt year, 1777, compared with the year 1759? Has it advanced or declined ſince that time? Are your old farm-houſes, barns, outhouſes, now tumbling down? Are there no new erections of the like ſort? Are our old incloſures, hedges, fences, drains, &c. running faſt into decay? And are there no new ones now making? Is there leſs land under tillage, or uſed for meadow and paſture at preſent than in the year 1759? Is this land leſs drained or watered, leſs manured, cultivated, or improved? Are our farmers in general grown poorer than heretofore? Are their ſtocks of hay and corn, of ſheep, horſes, and cattle diminiſhed or decreaſed? Can we get no ſubſtantial tenants to occupy our farms! And are there no inſtances of late years of farmers buying eſtates for themſelves? I will add no more; but any gentleman, who trembles with apprehenſions that we are now on the brink of ruin, would do well to produce his liſt of grievances reſpecting agriculture for the year 1777, compared with the happy days of 1759.

III. MANUFACTURES.

HERE again let an examination be made. In what reſpect, or to what degree, have any of our manufactures declined of late? Or if there ſhould be found to be ſome decreaſe in one or two branches, are they not amply compenſated by a great increaſe, or by ſome new inventions reſpecting others? Therefore let it be more particularly enquired ——Are the capitals now employed in manufactures leſs than in the year 1759? are there fewer buildings lately erected, and now in uſe for carrying on great and extenſive works? Fewer warehouſes and magazines, and fewer machines and engines of every kind? And above all—are there any number of induſtrious labourers, artificers, or mechanics who now want employment? On the contrary, Is it not notorious, that many thouſands and tens of thouſands are wanted to be hired, but cannot be procured?

IV. *The Land and Freſh Water* CARRIAGE *of* GOODS.

ON this head, let it be enquired, whether there are fewer public waggons travelling the roads? And whether there are fewer roads fit for waggons to travel upon? Alſo whether there are fewer trows or barges now employed on freſh water rivers and canals than heretofore? And indeed whether the navigable rivers and canals themſelves are fewer in theſe degenerate times than in the year 1759?

V. *The Salt Water* CARRIAGE *of* GOODS.

IS the quantity of our ſhipping (meaning thereby Britiſh, not American ſhipping) decreaſed ſince the year 1759? Are there fewer ſhips now employed in the coaſting trade, fewer in the Iriſh trade, or fewer for diſtant voyages? Nay, have we fewer ſhip-carpenters, or fewer ſail-makers now at work? And do we build ſhips of a ſmaller

ſize, or fewer in number for merchants' ſervice than we uſed to do? The deſponding and complaining gentlemen may find matter enough for their ſpeculation, and perhaps too for their wonder and ſurpriſe on this head, if they will give themſelves the trouble to ſearch and and to compare. They may find likewiſe, that had it not been for this rupture, which may prove a fortunate event, though it was wholly unpremeditated on our part, the North Americans would have engroſſed in a very few years the whole carrying trade between Great Britain and the Sugar Iſlands to themſelves; and in that caſe other branches dependent on the ſugar trade muſt neceſſarily have followed.

VI. *The* STATE *of our* FISHERIES *at home and abroad.*

THE amount of all our fiſheries forms another very important article of compariſon. For if our ſhips of war are our bulwarks, and if our ſailors are the natural and proper guards for defending ſuch works---it then follows, that whatever ſyſtem can produce the greateſt number of healthy and expert ſeamen, hardy and brave, and at the ſame time not difficult to be obtained for manning our fleets,---that ſyſtem, whatever it be, ought to have the preference. Now, as in the year 1759, the Americans were our dangerous rivals, and in the year 1777 our declared enemies,---the queſtion is, At which of theſe two periods were the Britiſh [the Britiſh I ſay, not the American] fiſheries in their moſt flouriſhing ſtate? Thus, for example, were there more ſhips and ſailors belonging to Great Britain and Ireland, employed in the fiſheries on the banks of Newfoundland, or in the Gulph of St Lawrence, or on the coaſts of Labrador, in the year 1759 than in the year 1777? Were there, I had almoſt ſaid, half ſo many? Again, were there more employed in the Greenland trade, and in the fiſheries for whales, and for fiſh, in different parts of the globe, to make oil, at that juncture, than at preſent? Were there even half ſo many? And as to the fiſheries on our own coaſts, and on the coaſts of Scotland and Ireland, ---can any man be himſelf ſo blind, or can he be ſo barefaced, as to attempt to make others believe, that theſe fiſheries have not greatly increaſed within theſe laſt 18 years?---Or that leſs quantities of ſea fiſh are now brought to our markets, than in the year 1759?

VII. *The* TENDENCY *of our* TAXES.

ON this head, after having previouſly obſerved, that the hands of the diligent and frugal are the only hands which can make a nation rich, I have only to aſk, Do our taxes in general, and more eſpecially thoſe which were laid on in the year 1777, tend to make the people diligent and frugal, or idle and extravagant? Do they tend to promote the circulation of induſtry and labour, or to obſtruct it? Do they tend to turn bees into drones, or drones into bees? For this is the grand criterion, whereby we may eaſily judge, Whether any, and which of our taxes ought to be repealed, and which ſhould be continued? Therefore, to apply this maxim to the caſe in hand, let it be obſerved, That we have, of late years, made ſeveral very judicious alterations in our ſyſtem of taxation. [And N. B. many more may ſtill be made.] For I think, it is ſince the year 1759, that we have repealed that very injudicious tax, which diſcouraged, and in a manner prohibited the importation of butter, tallow, lard, and other articles of the like ſort, from Ireland into Great Britain. Or if there were acts of a prior date, they were only temporary ſuſpenſions, and not abſolute repeals of this abſurd prohibition. But now, ſince a permanent repeal has taken place, what is the conſequence?---The mutual intercourſe between England and Ireland hath prodigiouſly increaſed, and of courſe our ſhipping and navigation have greatly increaſed likewiſe. Nay, if my information is right, and I am aſſured it is, the yearly value, at an average, of the laſt ſix years, of butter, tallow, and lard, which have been imported into Great Britain from Ireland, hath exceeded 400,000 l. Sterling: and the yearly amount of goods and Engliſh manufactures exported from hence thither, hath increaſed at leaſt in an equal proportion. Now, is this a ſign of the decay of trade? And are ſuch things as theſe to be made the ſubjects of our daily complaints and lamentations?

VIII. *The clear annual* AMOUNT *of the* REVENUE.

THIS, be what it may, is certainly a matter of fact, and capable of ocular demonſtration. Let therefore an appeal be made to the proper accounts, which ſtate the neat proceeds of all the taxes [not of ſome, but of all the taxes] of the year 1759:---And let theſe accounts

be compared with thoſe of 1777; ſo that we may ſee with our own eyes on which ſide is the advantage. I ſay, let an appeal be made, notwithſtanding the preſent loſs of our tobacco trade by the rebellion of our colonies, and notwithſtanding the great failure of the crops of ſugar, and the failure of cyder and perry in the year 1777. [All which articles neceſſarily diminiſh the revenue.] Yet for all this let an appeal be made.

IX. *The* NATIONAL DEBT.

THE laſt article, and perhaps the only one worthy of attending to, in ſome gentlemen's eſtimation, is the national debt: and great it undoubtedly is,—by much too great to be ſuffered to accumulate any farther, if it can poſſibly be avoided. But, comparatively ſpeaking, it is not ſo great at preſent as it was in 1759. For if the nation is now become conſiderably richer, (and after what has been ſaid who can doubt it?) then it follows, that we may be better able to bear an equal or a greater load of national debt at this juncture than we were at that.

To illuſtrate this point by a familiar example, I will obſerve, that a private trader (and ſurely the Engliſh may very properly be ſtiled a trading nation), I ſay, a private trader, if he has but 100 l. ſtock in the world, is greatly in debt if he ſhould owe 20 l. for he is in continual danger either of ſtopping payment for want of caſh or credit, by over-trading himſelf on his little capital, or of being cruſhed and ruined by ſome more powerful and wealthy rival: But if he has 1000l. ſtock, and ſhould owe 200 l. many of his former difficulties will preſently vaniſh, and he will find himſelf more at eaſe on every ſide: Moreover, if he ſhould have 10,000 l. ſtock, and owe 2000 l. he will hardly have any difficulties at all to encounter with: Nay, he will be univerſally eſteemed, and, what is ſtill more, he will really and truly be in himſelf a rich man.

But nevertheleſs, clear and appoſite as this reaſoning is, and juſt in all its parts, I do not offer it as an apology, much leſs as an encouragement for running any farther in debt, if we can poſſibly avoid it. No: my ſole view is to ſhew that our preſent diſtreſſes, about which ſuch tragical exclamations have been raiſed, are more imaginary than real; and that we may very eaſily extricate ourſelves from any embarraſſments which the preſent unprovoked rebellion of our colonies hath occaſioned, if we will ſet about the work heartily and in good earneſt.

One word more and I have done—— That if for the future we ſhall grow ſo wiſe as not to ruſh into any more abſurd, expenſive, and ruinous [not to ſay unjuſt] wars for the ſake of our colonies, and in order to enable them to fly in our faces ſo much the ſooner, we ſhall then, by not being their dupes any more, verify the old proverb, that "bought wit is beſt."---Sorry am I to ſay, that it has been bought ſo very dear.

REFLECTIONS *upon the* MILITARY PREPARATIONS *which are making at preſent in* SCOTLAND. *By Sir* JOHN DALRYMPLE.

WHEN the cruſaders poured from Europe upon Aſia, it was the effect of enthuſiaſm. When the covenanters, in the reign of Charles I. poured from Scotland into England, it was the effect of fanaticiſm. And the paſſions of men at both periods were fomented by the artifices of politicians.

Similar exertions are making at this hour in Scotland, in the cauſe of England. But no clergyman incited them in public, no politician ſuggeſted them in private. They aroſe from the people themſelves. They took their ſtart from what would have ſunk the ſpirit of other nations, the calamity of Gen. Burgoyne's army. In that blow each individual felt his pride perſonally injured, and with ardour threw the expreſſion of it into action.

The duke of Hamilton, firſt prince of the blood after the royal family; by act of parliament heir to the throne of Scotland, after the deſcendants of Queen Mary; repreſentative of the houſes of Hamilton and Douglas, in which laſt houſe, by a ſingularity unparalelled in hiſtory, ten heroes ſucceeded to each other; related to almoſt every crowned head in Europe; and in the enjoyment of youth, beauty, and wealth, is preparing to go to America with a regiment of a thouſand men rank and file, raiſed on his own eſtate. Generous as brave, he would not take advantage of his quality, to riſe above the old officers, but goes with the commiſſion of youngeſt captain in his own regiment. When Quin the player, when acting the part of Agamemnon, was told that he had drawn tears from

the eyes of the field marſhal Duke of Argyle, he anſwered, "His grace will fight nothing the worſe for that." True courage is ever generous. Submitting to be commanded, the Duke of Hamilton proves that he is worthy to command.

The young Duke of Athole is raiſing a regiment, of the ſame number, on his own eſtates, in which he does not even aſk a command. Beſides the king's bounty-money, he gives two guineas to each recruit, which is 2000 guineas out of his pocket. But, tempering zeal for his country with humanity to his countrymen, he obliges himſelf to maintain the families of the recruits who go from his eſtate if they need maintenance, and never, during his life, to raiſe the rents upon the families of ſuch tenants as do reſort to his ſtandard.

Lord M'Leod, anxious to waſh away the treaſons of his family with his own blood, is raiſing a regiment, of the ſame number, on the eſtate to the poſſeſſion of which he was born. True courage is ever modeſt. He has not even aſked from government to be reſtored to his eſtate, as the reward of his ſervices; and the generous followers of a fallen family are vying with each other who ſhall firſt help to raiſe it up again, by ſhowing their attachment to their ſovereign, and to his lordſhip.

The city of Glaſgow are raiſing and cloathing, at their own expence, a regiment, alſo of a thouſand men, rank and file, againſt thoſe very Americans, at whoſe mercy above a million of their property lies, and, with an honeſt confidence in his majeſty, have left the nomination of their officers to him. They raiſed a great ſum to maintain the family of the recruits in their abſence: And they made them and their families freemen of their corporations for ever.

The city of Edinburgh are raiſing and cloathing a regiment of the ſame number. They have, indeed, recommended a liſt of officers to the king, ſubmitting it to his royal pleaſure. But they did ſo on this principle, that they thought it would prove a double incitement to the ardour of officers, to find that the applauding voice of their country, as well as the approbation of their prince, were to bear teſtimony to their merits. With this view, the moſt delicate, and even ſcrupulous attentions were ſhewn in making up the liſt of officers recommended. The perſon pointed out for colonel (Sir William Erſkine) was one in whoſe favour England, Ireland, and Scotland would have united, and to whom America alone could wiſh evil. Altho' the member for the city (Sir Laurence Dundas) was the firſt to ſubſcribe to the regiment, and ſubſcribed a 1000 guineas, and is the perſon without whom perhaps it had never exiſted; yet the town-council put numbers into the liſt, who, or whoſe connections, vote againſt his family in their elections; becauſe they reſolved to conſider military, and not political merit, in a regiment on which their own honour depended. Mr Maxwell, one of the magiſtrates, gave up his own ſon, nephew to the late Col. Maxwell, once a brave commander of the Britiſh grenadiers, in competition for a majority with an officer elder in rank, although he could have had three votes to one on his ſide; and ſaid, with the honeſt bluntneſs, but true dignity too of a Britiſh merchant, "That his ſon ſhould owe his fortune to his own ſword, and not to his father's vote." Though the author of the preſent paper was the firſt gentleman of the county who ſubſcribed, had ſome pretenſions, by relation, upon many members of the town-council, and has four brothers drawing their ſwords in their country's cauſe; yet, the town-council refuſed him a ſtep for one of thoſe brothers, till it ſhould be examined whether his commiſſion, or that of his competitor, was a few weeks prior in date to the other, and referred the diſpute to the war-office. Far from feeling a wrong, he who recommended thanked the corporation for the juſtice of their procedure.

The families of Argyle, of Gordon, of Seaforth, and of Lord M'Donald, are each raiſing a regiment of a thouſand men, rank and file, on their own eſtates. Lord Seaforth makes this wiſe and fair condition for his people, that they ſhall be diſbanded in their own country.

The city of Aberdeen has offered to raiſe a battalion of 500 men at its own expence.

Smaller towns are offering to raiſe companies at their own expence. Many corporations within their own limits, and many individuals within their own eſtates, are offering bounty-money to ſoldiers, ſome to the extent of five guineas a-man.

But, amongſt juſt compliments to

higher ranks, let not the brave and generous commons of Scotland be forgot. They catch fire from the looks of each other, in their own and their country's cauſe. Many recruits have refuſed to take bounty-money at all. In one of the city regiments the levies are ſaid to be at the rate of fifty men a-day. There are private centinels in the city regiments worth ſome hundred pounds. When one of them was aſked why he left his own buſineſs and embarked in this one, his Spartan anſwer was, "Principle." Tradeſmen in Glaſgow, worth 200l. have ſubſcribed half their fortunes. A club of a hundred common weavers in that place draughted fourteen of their number for recruits, and made up a ſtock of 350l. to maintain their families in their abſence. One thouſand common manufacturers there collected a 1000 guineas; and the trades, as bodies coporate, ſubſcribed between 5 and 6000 guineas. Two ſixpenny clubs in Edinburgh and Glaſgow collected a 100l. each. The link boys at Edinburgh, about thirty in number, gave 30 guineas. The affluent may ſneer at the recital, but they ſhould bluſh when they do; for the voluntary mite of the poor is a more ſure, and far more pleaſing proof, to a virtuous prince, of the affections of his people, than all the incenſe of the rich.

Yet the people of Scotland, than whom none know their own intereſts better, know well, that the men of landed eſtates cannot let a man go from the eſtate without the loſs of 10 s. a-year to themſelves; and the corporations, that they cannot let a man go from the town, without the loſs of thrice that ſum to it.

When the writers to the ſignet, by an unanimous vote, gave 500 guineas to the Edinburgh regiment, they ſpoke the voice of Scotland in the following ſimple but manly words of their vote: "That the world may ſee the unhappy conteſt is not the cauſe of a miniſtry, or any particular number of men, but the cauſe of the legiſlature, animated and ſupported by the whole body of the nation, as well individuals as communities.

In the preferments given in the new regiments, no officer, or *almoſt* no officer, has got more than one ſtep above his former rank; ſo that the intereſts of the old army have been attended to, preſerved, and promoted; at the ſame time that the hands of government will be ſtrengthened with the very beſt of all armies, a new army in the flower of youth and ſpirits, commanded by veteran officers.

There is a military ſervant to the king, now in Scotland, who, on every occaſion, and ſometimes even with tears of tranſport in his eyes, gives teſtimony to the zeal of that country in which he commands; I mean Sir Adolphus Oughton, not a new, but an old ſoldier, who gained his rank and his ribbon by fighting, not by recruiting; and at the firſt beat of whoſe drum, although he is no Scotſman, many thouſands in Scotland would ſtart up to follow wherever he and honour led the way.

From theſe exertions in a Britiſh cauſe, Scotland, however, claims no ſuperiority in merit over England. It was with pleaſure that ſhe ſaw the town of Manchester lead the way in the bright line of national duty. She marked not with inſult, but with regret, the contraſt between the common-councils of Edinburgh and of London; that, while the one were preſenting an addreſs at St James's, with the offer of a regiment, without expence to the public, the other were, at that very hour, at Guildhall, employed in framing a reſolution not to give a ſingle man, or a ſingle penny, in the cauſe of their prince, their parliament, their city, and their country.

But Scotland remembers, and remembers well, that England, by raiſing 22,000 new levies in ſix weeks, in the reign of Charles II. ſaved herſelf from a French war, and Holland from conqueſts; and that King William, by raiſing the ſame number, in the ſame ſpace of time, ſaved England from a French invaſion, and ſecured the ſuppreſſion of the Iriſh rebellion. She knows from hiſtory, that nations which join liberty to wealth, ariſe only ſtronger from defeat. And ſhe truſts, if communities and individuals in England and Ireland were to make the ſame noble efforts which ſhe has made, that foreign nations would ſhrink at the ſound, and that America might be brought ſoon to repent of the fatal ſhort-lived laurels ſhe has gained.

ESSAY *on* CENSURE *and* PRAISE.

Corpora melliis putrent, ſervantur aceto—
Quod mordet ſanat, quod placet omne nocet.

CENSURE and praiſe have the ſame effect on the minds of men, as ſweets and bitters, or acids, have upon their bo-

dies. Praiſe is like honey or ſugar, which has a tendency to corruption, and criticiſm reſembles a bitter eſſence, or a ſharp acid, which preſerves from putrefaction: for in general, what is ſweet and agreeable to the palate vitiates it, while that which bites, reſtores it. Flattery conſequently may be conſidered as a ſweet poiſon, and ſatire as a bitter medicine. The firſt pleaſes and kills, the ſecond diſguſts and cures.

It is ſaid of Jaſon the Theſſalonian, that an enraged adverſary gave him a thruſt with a ſword, which opened an abſceſs and cured it. Such is often the effect of cenſure; and if thoſe who are the proper objects of it would but correct their errors by it, they would have reaſon to look upon the critic, the ſatiriſt, and the comic actor, as men who have employed their time in taking out ſtains from a rich ſuit of cloaths. Let the intention be good or bad, no matter, if the ſame effect reſults from it—if bad, we can only ſay, that ſometimes an enemy is better than a friend.

It is related of Hiero, that one of his enemies reproached him with having a ſtinking breath; upon which he went home, and aſked his wife why ſhe had concealed it from him; her reply was full of politeneſs and complaiſance; ſhe ſaid, ſhe imagined all men had the ſame breath; but Hiero acknowledged, that the rudeneſs of his enemy was more uſeful to him than the obliging ſilence of his wife. Hence it follows, that a flatterer, who appears to be the friend, is in fact the enemy of mankind, and that the cenſurer, who ſeems to be the enemy, is the true friend. The firſt is accounted very polite, for putting a knife into the hands of a madman, who readily receives it; the ſecond is deemed a brute, for ſnatching it violently out of his hands.

There is in the world a mixture of good and bad characters; flattery often makes the good bad, while cenſure converts the bad to good. Thales was aſked what beaſt was the moſt hurtful; he replied of all wild beaſts the moſt deſtructive is a tyrant; of all tame ones a flatterer. Another philoſopher compares men who fall into the hands of flatterers to vaſes with handles; they are carried about by the ears wherever you pleaſe.

Moſt eulogiums and panegyrics are like peſtilentious winds, which blaſt the wholeſome fruits of the earth, and annoy the whole region on which they blow. But exceptions are to be made in favour of thoſe declamations and writings, which are publiſhed to celebrate great and good actions, and to excite emulation. Pericles inſtituted funeral orations at Athens, in honour of thoſe who had ſacrificed their lives for the public good, and they were highly uſeful. The ſame may be ſaid of Pliny's panegyric; it is edifying, becauſe Trajan merited all that praiſe could beſtow. We may alſo paſs the ſame judgment in favour of the lives and memoirs of illuſtrious perſons, though too partially penned by their friends; they animate the reader to tread in the glorious paths which lead to true renown.

But the misfortune is, that theſe laudable inſtitutions have degenerated into the moſt ſhameful abuſes, and it is become the faſhion to confer praiſe on the poſſeſſors of titles, rank, power or riches; whether thoſe who hold them are virtuous or vicious, the plagues or the bleſſings of ſociety. Adulation is in league with ſelfiſhneſs, and levels all diſtinctions of character. The crown, the robe, the ſeals, the wand, the ribbon, and the purſe, no matter who bears them, attract eulogiums. The gay, the volatile, the diſſipated, the voluptuous, receive the incenſe of praiſe, indiſcriminately with the moſt advanced characters that were ever formed by the united efforts of piety, wiſdom, modeſty, patience and fortitude. The effects of this folly are pernicious in the higheſt degree; for the worſt of men, fancying themſelves as good as they ought to be, never think of mending their manners, and are ready to turn morality out of doors.

Indiſcriminate ſatire is not leſs baneful to ſociety than unmerited praiſe. There are ſituations in public life, which require a veil to be thrown over human foibles. The magiſtrate ſhould never be expoſed to ridicule on the bench, the preceptor in the preſence of his pupil, nor the parent before his children.

We may then divide all criticiſm and ſatire into two claſſes, that which is lawful and commendable, and that which is pernicious and criminal.

The moral ſatiriſt or critic, who attacks the general vices and follies of mankind, is a great benefactor to ſociety. The malignant defamer and calumniator, whoſe chief aim is to expoſe individuals to perſonal and public ridicule, is as dangerous an enemy as the profeſſed flatterer.

In the licentiouſneſs of wit and humour he will often wound the breaſt of the innocent, rather than loſe his jeſt; like a certain poet called Madera, who calumniated a noble Roman lady, named Fontana; being called to account for his impudent attack on a virtuous woman by Pope Sixtus V. he declared he had no reaſon for calling her ſtrumpet, but that Putana rhimed to Fontana. The witty pontiff, in the ſame vein of humour, condemned him to the gallies, merely, ſaid he, becauſe Gallera is the rhime to Madera. May all injudicious and wicked ſatiriſts, of every denomination, meet a ſimilar fate; and, in the mean time, that your readers may not be tired with a long introductory eſſay, I ſhall conclude with informing you, that it is my intention to hold up the mirror of vice and folly to my fellow ſubjects of both ſexes, in a ſeries of lively, inſtructive eſſays, in which great care ſhall be taken to avoid all perſonalities, and to ſteer between the two extremes of adulation and ill natured cenſure. Flattery and ſcandal are equally deteſtable, and preaching morality is out of faſhion; yet, that reformation is wanted all acknowledge; how then ſhall we attempt it with a probability of ſucceſs? Our immortal Pope has told us, and, in our future eſſays, his precepts ſhall be our unerring guide,

Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living, as they (we can,
riſe! (we can,
Laugh where we may, be candid where
But vindicate the ways of God to man!

On the AFFECTATION *of the* GRACES.

IT has been remarked by an author of ſome humour, that at certain periods there is an epidemical madneſs which rages through a whole kingdom. In time of war, ideal victories and defeats alternately elevate and depreſs the ſpirits of the nation. In peace, the apprehenſion of war, the report of the plague, the fear of Popery and the Pretender, the dread of a mad-dog, or of a comet, alternately fill every countenance with gloom, every heart with terror, and every tongue with lamentation and complaint.

The madneſs which prevails at preſent is not, indeed, of the melancholy kind, but it is outrageous and univerſal. It owes its riſe to a poſthumous publication of Lord Cheſterfield, which is generally read and admired. The *Graces* are there recommended in ſo forcible a manner, that every unlicked cub who can make out the meaning, is induced to affect all the finical airs of a fine gentleman. Clowns, pedants, jockeys, country-ſquires, and fox-hunters, put off the ſtern virtue of their anceſtors, and begin to rival each other in imitating the mincing ſtep, and liſping voice, of a French dancing-maſter.

As this affectation of the Graces is a new diſorder, I ſhall take the liberty, with ſubmiſſion to the College of Phyſicians, to give it a new name, and call it the *Charitomania*. The following is an eſſay on the cauſe, ſymptoms, and cure, of this alarming diſeaſe, which, I hope, will obtain at leaſt equal attention with the medical caſes which are ſo often preſented to the public by each ſelf-important Caledonian Hyppocrates.

A young man, apprentice to a mercer in the city of London, caught the Charitomania, by reading in a Magazine a few letters of Lord Cheſterfield, concerning the art of pleaſing. Before this accident, he was known to have ſpoken in a manly voice, and to have dreſſed with a decent plainneſs. But now he conſtantly wears his head powdered and perfumed, and his coat cut in the extreme of the faſhion, ſpeaks with a ſoft womaniſh accent, affects gallantry with his female cuſtomers, particularly married women, and aſſumes all the grimaces, attitudes, and airs, which form the compleat *petit-maitre*. Upon conſidering his caſe, I preſcribed a grain of common ſenſe to be uſed in reflecting, that the behaviour which might become an envoy extraordinary at the court of Dreſden, was ridiculous behind a counter in Cheapſide.

A young divine was ſo terribly infected with the contagion, that from being perfectly plain in his external parts, on a ſudden his fingers were covered with carbuncles, his hair changed colour, and ſmelt ſtrongly, his legs turned to a dead white, the exterior covering of his head was contracted to a nut-ſhell, and his whole appearance ſo wonderfully metamorphoſed, that he neither knew nor was known by any of his former acquaintances. The diſorder was attended with an uſual ſymptom, an invincible *Pauperophobia*, which made him day and night ſeek the company of the rich and great, and fly from a poor Chriſtian

brother as from a plague. In the pulpit, he was unable to turn his eyes upwards, but felt an irreſiſtible inclination to ogle the female part of his congregation. I recommended to him, but I fear without effect, a little cool meditation every night when he went to bed, to be ſpent in ruminating, whether or not the beauty of holineſs would not be a more becoming grace, than any of thoſe inculcated by a graceleſs lordling.

The two famous univerſities of this land are over-run with the infection. It is attended with a *Bibliophobia*, which not only prevents the diſeaſed perſons from attending to the porter-like language of Homer's gods, but compels them to convert their libraries into dreſſing-rooms, to be conſulting the looking-glaſs when they ſhould be conſulting the lexicon, and learning the art of pleaſing ſome pretty married woman, when they ſhould be reading the art of logic with their tutors. I have given a hint to all the patients who have come from thoſe places to conſult me, to conſider, that the Graces ſeldom chuſe to remain after the Muſes are diſmiſſed.

A certain honeſt tradeſman, who had followed the vocation of a tallow-chandler, from the age of fourteen to forty, being on a ſudden enriched by a large legacy from a diſtant relation, who had not vouchſafed to know him when alive, was immediately ſeized with a moſt violent Charitomania. His body no longer emitted the odoriferous effluvia of tallow, but ſent forth ſmells of perfume, which had never happened to him before in his life. The covering of his head, which was before a creditable periwig, with a double row of curls behind, ſuddenly dropt off, and was ſucceeded by a boyiſh head of hair, with a tail thicker and longer than the thickeſt and longeſt of his candles. He was ſoon over-run with a tribe of vermin called dancing-maſters, French-maſters, muſic maſters, and perruquiers. His diſorder was attended with a loſs of memory, and he entirely forgot all his acquaintance who uſed to meet at the porter-club once a-week. Inſtead of theſe, whom he no longer knew, he ſought the company of wits and beaux in the faſhionable coffee-houſes at the weſt-end of the town. But what is remarkable in his caſe is, that though the ſymptoms were ſo violent and alarming, yet, inſtead of being received with condolence and ſympathy, he was every where treated with contempt and laughter. After frequent preſcriptions, which failed on account of the inveteracy of the diſeaſe, I gave him up as incurable.

Were I to enumerate all the caſes of this diſorder which have fallen under my notice, I verily believe my work would conſiſt of many volumes folio. I ſhall therefore reſt ſatisfied with having given ſuch a ſhort hiſtory of this terrible peſtilence, as may tend, in ſome meaſure, to elucidate its cauſe, nature, and effects; and I ſhall, with a public ſpirit unknown to my brother quacks, communicate the following invaluable noſtrum, which, taken in time, is a ſovereign remedy.—"Let the patient adminiſter to himſelf a ſmall doſe, conſiſting of a few grains of common ſenſe, and a ſcruple of modeſty, which will not fail to purge away all humours ariſing from vanity;"—or, if the patient has not courage enough to be his own phyſician, let his friends apply a bliſter to the morbid part, made up of cauſtic ridicule.

An Extraordinary LOVE-LETTER, *from Mr* PETER PLAINMAN *to Miſs* PRISCILLA PRUDISH. *Taken from a genuine Copy.*

Madam,

I AM a little afraid you and I ſhall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honeſt—a bold word that—I will once for all ſpeak my mind, and I deſire your attention. I believe I do not admire you, or value you for any one of thoſe charms for which you admire and value yourſelf. I do not, for inſtance, pay any adoration to the preſent brightneſs of your eyes, becauſe I am ſo ſtrange a fellow as to conſider them philoſophically. They are very brilliant, to be ſure; but what are they? What are they, Madam, *ab origine?* Fops, fools, and poets would, in their uſual airy manner, tell you, that they were made of celeſtial fire, that they were two animated balls of beauty, two love-darting mirrors formed by the Graces, and a pack of ſuch ſtuff: But I ſcorn to figure away at the expence of fair truth. I write in honeſt proſe, Madam, and therefore in honeſt proſe I tell you, that thoſe ſame balls of etherial beauty, thoſe ſame love-darting mirrors, are at beſt two pieces of ordinary clay varniſhed. The varniſh, I allow, is good, and

well put on; thanks to the ſound health of the father that begat you, and the mother that bore you: But what of all this? I am not ſuch a ſhort-ſighted amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my noſe, to the time when the gloſs will all be worn away, when the japan of Nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a ſpark of fire will you have about you. If you live long enough, you will be purblind, and then what becomes of your love-darters? Don't be quite ſo vain, my young beauty!

Another mighty matter upon which you, it ſeems, pique yourſelf, is your face; I mean ſuch things as we call cheeks, lips, and complexion. I wiſh it to be known to you, that I have but a very poor opinion of theſe divine graces, as you call them. Some time ago, I remember you ſhewed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper ſcrawled upon by ſome florid puppy of your acquaintance, who ſwore, in very ſorry verſes, that your cheeks threw into utter deſpair all the lillies and roſes in the creation; your ſkin too, was, if I recollect, poliſhed marble; the veins were compared to the azure of the third heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaſter. 'Tis a lie, PRISCILLA, 'tis a ſad lie; you are indebted to poetical fiction for all this train: for rogues who deal in it have, as they tell us, a licence from that filly fellow Apollo, to play ſuch pranks with idle girls and boys who believe them. For my part, I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhime, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the tranſpoſition of ten fuſty ſyllables, ſince I was born; I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps. What a collection of falſities is here, indeed! I never ſaw a pair of cheeks in my life, that were fairer than a lilly, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a roſe. As to alabaſter, I will take upon me to to ſay, there never was a woman's ſkin half ſo white in the whole world; and I ſhould be very glad to ſee a complexion ſo well poliſhed as a piece of Egyptian marble. No, no, thoſe flights won't paſs upon men of cool proſe. They won't indeed PRISCILLA: upon my ſoul they won't. Metaphor, metaphor, my dear, is a mere bum; it tickles the child's ear; but I heartily deſpiſe it. Not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praiſe. I am perfectly ſenſible to handſome features; I like to ſee the proper proportions of red and white; I am very well pleaſed with a ſparkling pair of eyes; but I have no idea of calling any of theſe what they really are not, or of comparing them to objects to which they have no likeneſs whatever. For inſtance now, your boſom is ſaid to be purer than the driven ſnow: If that isn't carrying the jeſt as far as it will fairly go, I don't know what is. Snow, quoth'e—Why, madam, if a ſnow-ball and your boſom were ſhewn together, and any thing in the world but a poet to be the judge, he would ſay that you were a ſwarthy gipſy in the compariſon. But how you ladies can be pleaſed with all this high-flying, is to me aſtoniſhing.—Zoons, *Priſcilla*, how can this be? If a man was to compare me to a ſtick or a ſtone, or a tree or a plant, that I was no more like than I am like the main ocean, ſhould I perk up my head, and look about me the more for that? As to features, ſkin, complexion, &c. they are ſo truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman, I ſhould be afraid to put any truſt in them. They have more enemies than the ever-perſecuted have. I could recount ſuch a catalogue as would make

Your hair to ſtand on end,
Like quils upon the fretfull porcupine.

Go into your garden—fix your attention on the faireſt flower; take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquiſite, ſcolops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a ſecond viſit to-morrow morning. What are you ſurpriſed at? That a flower ſhould fade! A ſlight blaſt of wind in the night hath wholly deſtroyed it; the tints are dead; the colours are faded; the beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, *Priſcilla*, you are very pretty: what a face, what an air, what a ſhape! In the evening one of the thouſand enemies of handſome features overtakes you, and your ſecond viſit to the mirror ſhews—an ugly woman. I believe you have wit enough to ſee whereto all this tends—it tends, *Priſcilla*, to your inſtruction. I would not have you fix too violent a dependence upon features. Nor do I, *Priſcilla*, eſtimate you according to your wealth: Certain it is, Old *Prudiſh*, your father, left you rich; but I wiſh you were not ſo faſcinated with theſe poſſeſſions. I heard you talk in ſuch raptures of a new coach, and new diamonds, that I am much afraid you are far gone in the

fripperies of life. A ſlight fever would ſoon ſhew you the impotency of gold, and it would diveſt you of all the trappings in which you have wantonly dreſſed the fineſt ſet of horſes in the univerſe. Every thing I have mentioned is held on a ſad tenure, even the tenure of a regular pulſe. I think there is under all your falſe ideas a *good heart*; 'tis this, *Priſcilla*, which draws me towards you. I think I could baniſh the frailties that cling at preſent about your affections. If you can bear me after this letter, I ſhall have a better opinion of you than ever: If you are offended and take pet at it, I ſhall loſe you, it is true; but then I ſhall know by experience, that your love was not worth ſeeking. I know we ſhould live very happily together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various: 1ſt, Break your looking-glaſs. 2d, Turn all your poets out of doors. 3dly, Throw their verſes into the fire; and laſtly, Make a ſolemn vow never more to put your truſt in *metaphors* and *compariſons*, two curſed things which have done more injury to young women than libertiniſm. What ſay you? Will you agree to theſe conditions, and take to your boſom, without either lace on his his coat, poetry in head, or *puppyiſm* at his heart, your old friend, and humble ſervant,

PETER PLAINMAN?

On IDLENESS.

——— What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reaſon
Toruſt in us unus'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

IF ſome by birth, others by fortune, and others again by profeſſion, ſeem placed above the neceſſity of manual labour, out of the reach of want, and conſequently above the pains and anxieties incident to narrow circumſtances, yet this is no breach in the natural conſtitution of things, no real exception to the general rule of labour and induſtry; for though all alike be not deſtined to bodily toil, all alike are deſtined to toil of ſome kind or other; all, upon the whole, working towards the common good, and anſwering the reſpective ends of their being. It is from that viſible diverſity of gifts, natural as well as moral, ſo beautifully ſcattered through the different ranks of mankind, that we find them ranged in different orders and profeſſions, each ſuited to his particular abilities, each requiring his utmoſt attention: all of them have their diſtinct ſpheres of action aſſigned them, and labour and toil are as much the portion of him who ſits at the helm, as of thoſe to whoſe ſhare it falls to work the veſſel.

View the man of fortune, diſſolved, perhaps, in eaſe, or ſunk in pleaſures; one would be tempted to conclude him a character highly to be envied for his repoſe; but ſurvey him, at the ſame time, beſet with a thouſand temptations to which that condition of life is peculiarly expoſed; his paſſions charmed by every vanity, and ſolicited by every vice; himſelf in poſſeſſion, all the while, of all the means which lead to them, with cuſtom to countenance them, and, generally ſpeaking, with miniſters enough at hand to gratify as well as to excite them. What a continual guard muſt he have upon himſelf, that his fortune betrays him not into luxury and riot, into profaneneſs and irreligion? If, ſuperior to every attack, he preſerve his virtue, and ſit down determined to make his fortune as diffuſive and beneficial as he can, what thought will it coſt him to make his public ſpirit conſiſt with the regards of private œconomy? what caution and circumſpection to ſee that at the ſame time his fortune is not hoarded avariticuſly, it be not laviſhed profuſely? what pains muſt he be at in looking well to the cultivation and improvement of his eſtate, that it may anſwer all the demands of hoſpitality, generoſity, and public utility?

Much the ſame ſort of difficulties attend the man in power. To be careſſed and flattered with the compliment of every virtue, is a ſituation too delicate for human vanity not to improve to its own gratification. It is a point of light which weak heads cannot bear, and not to oppreſs the liberties of mankind, under ſo many temptations as well as opportunities of doing it, requires a better heart too than common, eſpecially if we take into the account the unreaſonable oppoſition, even the moſt reaſonable exerciſe of power is ſure to encounter. Should he not ſplit on ſome one or other of theſe rocks, yet to ſteer amid the madneſs of the people with ſkill and dexterity, to have to do with the jealouſy and the envy, the vices and the follies of the world, to diſtinguiſh always true merit amidſt

ſuch a variety of pretenſions to it, ſo as to give no offence to good men, and no countenance to bad ones; to preſerve the peace and order of the world among ſo many clathing intereſts and purſuits, are, whatever we may think of them, matters of nice as well as important concern, require great knowledge and converſe with mankind, a vaſt compaſs of obſervation, experience, and judgment, admit of but little reſpite from the moſt intenſe thoughts and applications, and have one diſcouraging circumſtance generally attending them, that at the ſame time they deſerve the warmeſt acknowledgments, it is but very rarely their good fortune to receive them.

Thus far then there plainly ariſes no exception to that univerſal law of our natures, labour and induſtry. It is not the lot only of the poor and indigent, of the mercantile, the military, or the mechanic life, but of every fortune ſeemingly the moſt removed from it: the ſmall and the great, the ſervant and his maſter, the prince and the peaſant, are all deſtined to it. Not leſs to the man of letters, a character too apt to be envied for his ſeeming eaſe and abſtraction from the world, and frequently miſtaken, therefore, for a lazy and an indolent one. The whole compaſs of ſcience demands his attention: his employment is the endleſs ſearch after truth. C.

On the REAL VALUE *of* ONE'S NATIVE COUNTRY.

[Tranſlated from the *Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie*, by Voltaire.]

WE ſhall content ourſelves, ſays the author on this ſubject, with our uſual cuſtom of propoſing ſome queſtions which we cannot reſolve.

Has a Jew then any country? If he is born at Coimbra, he is born among a ſet of ignorant wretches, who ſtill peſter him with abſurd arguments, to which he would anſwer in terms as abſurd, if he durſt anſwer at all. He is watched by the inquiſitors, who will burn him for refuſing to eat bacon, and by that means become maſters of his property. Is Coimbra then his country? Can he be ſo paſſionately fond of Coimbra?

Is Jeruſalem his country? He has heard from ſome vague report that his anceſtors, ſuch as they were, inhabited that barren rocky region, which borders on a miſerable deſart, and is now inhabited by the Turks, who get nothing by it. Jeruſalem is not his country?

The Gaber, more ancient and more reſpectable than the Jew, the ſlave of the Turk, or the Perſian, or the Mogul, can he call a few piles of ſtones, which he has erected ſecretly on the mountains, his country?

The Banian, the Armenian, who paſs their lives in wandering over the eaſt, in the capacity of brokers, have theſe any country peculiarly dear to them? Their purſe and their pocket-book is all the country they have. In the European nations, all thoſe murderers, by trade, who let out their ſervices, and ſell their blood to the firſt Prince that will pay them, have they any country? Not ſo much, ſurely, as the bird of prey, that returns at night to the hole in the rock, where her mother built her neſt. Shall the Monks preſume to ſay, that they have any country? Their country, they tell you, is in heaven: And I am contented I never knew they had any on earth.

With what propriety could a Greek make uſe of this term, country, who is ignorant that there ever were ſuch perſons as Miltiades and Ageſilaus, and who knows only that he is the ſlave of a Baſſaw, who is the ſlave of a Viſir, who is the ſlave of a being whom he calls the Grand Turk. What is it then that a man can properly call his country? Is it a good eſtate, with a good houſe upon it, of which the poſſeſſor can ſay, theſe fields, that I cultivate, and this houſe, which I have built, are my own. I live under the protection of laws which no tyrant can infringe. When thoſe, who, like me, are poſſeſſed of lands and houſes, aſſemble for their common intereſt---I am a part of the whole---a part of the community---a part of the ſovereignty. This is my country. All elſe loſes the idea of an habitation of men, and may more properly be termed a ſtable of horſes, that, at the pleaſure of the keeper, undergo the diſcipline of the whip.

Such is M. Voltaire's explanation of the words, native country---An explanation which will, no doubt, be particularly agreeable to Engliſhmen, as it ſeems intended by that writer as a compliment to the Britiſh conſtitution.

SENTIMENTAL PASSAGES *extracted from ſeveral Letters written by the Celebrated* Ninon de L'Enclos, *and addreſſed to the Marquis* De Sevigne. *Tranſlated by Mrs* Griffith.

I.

WOMEN are generally actuated by two incompatible paſſions---the deſire of pleaſing, and the fear of infamy. On the one hand, we are ardent to have witneſſes of the effects of our charms; for ever occupied towards the making ourſelves taken notice of, and tranſported with every opportunity of humbling other women, we would render them ſpectators of every homage paid us, and of all the preferences we obtain. Would you know wherein the pleaſure lies here? In mortifying the pride of our rivals merely. Theſe indiſcretions, which betray the ſentiments which we have imparted, delight us in proportion to their deſpair. In fine, ſuch imprudences convince us better of your paſſion, than that timidity and caution which are incapable of celebrating our charms. But, on the other hand, what bitterneſs allays our ſweeteſt pleaſures? Blended with theſe advantages are the malice of our rivals; and, perhaps, the contempt of our lovers: Beſides, another hard caſe is, that the world knows no difference between thoſe who *receive* your addreſſes, and thoſe who *reward* them. Alone, or in ſober thought, every rational woman would prefer the character of chaſtity to the fame of beauty; but place the beſt of us in competition with a rival, capable of diſputing with her the prize---were ſhe to riſk the reputation ſhe was, the moment before, ſo jealous of---was the lover to endanger it to the laſt degree, no conſideration is of equal weight with the triumphant pleaſure of ſeeing herſelf preferred.

II.

WOMEN too generally imagine that they have nothing to fear but the preſence of the lover. True, indeed, they may have then two enemies to contend with at a time, their paſſion and the party. But when the lover has retired, the love ſtill remains; and the progreſs it makes in ſolitude, though leſs perceivable, is not the leſs dangerous. At ſuch intervals as theſe the playing on a harpſichord, painting a flower, or reading ſome work of genius, may turn aſide the thoughts from ideas ſo alluring, and fix the attention upon ſafer objects. All thoſe occupations then, which employ the mind, are ſo many *countermines* to temptation.

III.

IN love, as well as in war, the pleaſure of conqueſt is meaſured by the difficulty. I am tempted to carry the parallel farther: The true merit of a woman conſiſts, perhaps, leſs, in not yielding at all, than in making ſuch a defence as may intitle her to the honours of war. If a woman has had the misfortune to be overcome, what fetters can ſhe forge to bind the ſucceſsful lover, if ſhe be deficient in ſenſe or talents? I acknowledge, indeed, that female education is not over rich in theſe endowments: Yet there is hardly a woman, who, with proper application of time and common ſenſe, might not procure ſome one or more of thoſe advantages; the difference lying only in the more or leſs. --But we are naturally too indolent for ſuch ſpirited efforts---We find beauty to be an univerſal merit. This method of winning hearts requires no manner of trouble, and we could wiſh there were no other. Blind that we are, we never conſider, that though beauty and talents equally gain admirers, the firſt endangers the poſſeſſors, while the latter ſerves for their defence---In reality, beauty prepares but mortification and regret againſt the quick period of its decay.---Would you know the reaſon? Becauſe it has betrayed us into a neglect of more permanent attractions. During its frail empire, we find ourſelves prized, ſought, and celebrated ---We hold our court --Our ſhort ſight foreſees no end of admiration.--- But Oh! the horrible ſolitude, when age or accident ſhall have wreſted from us the poor, the only ſtay of our dominion!---I could wiſh then (the alluſion is not elegant, but it will expreſs my ſenſe) that beauty ſerved only as a *ſign*, to declare the *entertainment* within: Let us conclude, therefore, that in love ſenſe and talents are of the higheſt conſequence. This is a *Comedy*, in which the *acts* are the ſhorteſt, and the *interludes* the longeſt of any. How ſhall we amuſe the intervals of dalliance, without the reſources of the underſtanding? Poſſeſſion places all women on a level, and ſubjects them equally to your inconſtancy. The beautiful have, in this particular, but little advantage over the homely; ſenſe and accompliſhments make the chief difference between

them. Theſe alone ſupply that charming variety in love and life, which relieves from tedioufneſs and diſguſt. In fine, nothing but the improvement of the underſtanding can repleniſh that irkſome void in the heart, which is conſequent upon a paſſion gratified; nor is there any thing which can poſſibly be more ſerviceable to us, in whatever ſituation we may happen to be circumſtanced, whether in retarding our defeat, in rendering it more richly prized, or in aſſiſting us to regain our empire. Even our lovers reap advantages from them. How many accompliſhments ſhould they encourage in us, though they turn at firſt againſt themſelves?

A woeful Accident.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM going to inform you of a trifling incident. You know misfortunes will happen.—I am a member of the *Chearful Society*, and was ſitting down to finiſh one of our eſſays laſt night, when, behold the fatal conſequence! my fine high head was in a moment all in a blaze: Every one ſcreamed out, and ran to extinguiſh the flames, which looked like an eruption of Mount Ætna or Veſuvius; while poor I ſat quite aſtoniſhed, not knowing what to think of the fray, till their officious kindneſs made me feel that my unlucky head was the occaſion. One pulled my cap, another my cuſhion, and a third my curls; till, in ſhort, Sir, they left me in a dreadful ſituation.---We were writing upon happineſs; but, from experience, I learn a very little accident can interrupt it; for, in ſpite of all my philoſophy, I proteſt I was melancholy that whole night. Nor could the united jokes of the company contribute in the leaſt to exhilarate my depreſſed ſpirits. What cauſed my grief was the loſs of my elegant lace-cap; for we are, by good fortune, above minding frets, or omens, otherwiſe the thoughts of my firſt attempt to appear in print being ſo unfortunately interrupted, might have added to my unhappineſs.

We therefore humbly hope, that this ſhall be a caution to our ſifters, either to keep at a diſtance from the candle, or lower their heads.---I aſſure them, we are reſolved, from henceforth, to metamorphoſe ourſelves wonderfully, by reducing our pericraniums to the ſize of thoſe of our great grand-mothers.

What ſay you, Sir? for we think that the money expended in decorating thoſe towering pyramids, would be infinitely better beſtowed in relieving the poor, or for a ſubſcription in aſſiſting to raiſe recruits for his majeſty's ſervice.

The only mortifying circumſtance ariſing from this alteration is, that, as we happen to be rather of the pigmy kind, the enormous ſize of our heads added a good deal to our ſtature, and made us look ſomewhat more formidable in the eyes of the other ſex, at leaſt thoſe of them who are captivated with outward appearances. But as it is impoſſible to pleaſe *tout le monde*, let the object of our ambition be to render ourſelves amiable in the eyes of the ſober and conſiderate, which will make ample amends for the want of the fooliſh applauſe of fops.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF any of your numerous correſpondents, through the channel of your uſeful Magazine, will anſwer the Queries below, it will much oblige their and your moſt humble ſervant,

Aberdeen, Feb. 2. 1778. MERCATOR.

Query I. IF a veſſel, coaſtways, from one port in Great Britain to another, having on board ſeveral ſorts of merchandize for different proprietors, ſhould come to her unloading port, Is a general ſufferance for the whole cargo ſufficient? and are the officers of the cuſtoms intided to any other fees for ſuch a cargo?

II. If a veſſel from any foreign port, having on board goods for different proprietors, can unload ſaid goods in any port in Britain on a general ſufferance, taken out by one in name of the whole proprietors, and what ſhould the expence of ſuch a ſufferance be?

III. What is the expence of a bond at any cuſtom-houſe in Scotland, and what fees ought to be taken by the clerks for ſuch? and how does the expence of a bond differ from two to four ſhillings in ſome cuſtom-houſes in Scotland?

BON MOT. *By Mr* Foote.

UPON ſeeing Nan C-tl-y in Comus, he ſaid; "ſhe was finely bronzed for the character, but it was a pity the managers had not put her in a part which by nature ſhe was cut out for; this was Moll Brazen in the Beggar's Opera."

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On PEACE.

O PEACE! cœleſtial dame, divinely bright,
Array'd in all the gaudy charms of light;
Ten thouſand bleſſings ſhow'r around thy fame,
And heav'nly graces guard thy ſacred name:
Glad beams of joy before thy preſence glow,
Contentment dwells where'er thy olives grow;
All nature ſmiles, love bids thy ſceptres ſhine,
And all thy geſtures ſay thou art divine.

Happy the clime where Peace vouchſafes to ſway,
And deal out pleaſures with a kindly ray,
Where jarring Diſcord dares not breathe a ſound,
But one ſoft tie the people's hearts hath bound;
The nations wond'ring ſee the envy'd prize,
And a new heav'n on earth begins to riſe.
Stern war's alarm no more in triumph reigns,
Peace binds his rage in adamantine chains.
With war ev'n now pale Albion's ſtateſmen quake,
Her laurels totter, and her trophies ſhake;
Scarce truſts her thunder, at whoſe dreadful roar,
All Europe trembles to its fartheſt ſhore.

Has thus each gen'rous ſtar a darkneſs ſpread?
Or has Britannia's guardian angels fled?
Has heav'n, who oft, with an indulgent ſmile,
In arts and empire bleſt her weſtern iſle,
Withdrawn that ſmile, for an incenſed frown,
Nor deign'd once more to guard a Britiſh crown?
O weep then, Britain! and adore that hand,
Whoſe pow'r the fates of war and arms command:
Boaſt not thy fleets the ocean that beſtride,
The raging tempeſts ſoon can check their pride,
The doubtful whirlwind raiſe the briny waves,
And plunge thy braveſt ſons in wat'ry graves:
What tho' thy thunder rock-bound bulwarks move!
A ſtronger thunder guides the arm above,
Whoſe juſt decree earth's princes muſt obey,
At whoſe command kings, crowns, and thrones decay. (deſcend,
Then ſhall kind Peace from heav'n's realms
On her alone a nation's bliſs depend:
A thouſand charms her graceful olives bear;
Methinks I ſee her heavenly form appear!
Bright from the ſkies ſhe darts a gracious blaze,
Where peace enthron'd eternal ſceptres ſways;
Rapt into joy the muſe exalts her theme,
And Britain's patriots hail th' approaching dame.
Fair as ſhe comes her ſparkling beauties ſhine,
While round her temples wreaths of laurels twine;
The balmy zephyrs fan her as ſhe flies,
Thus mortals taſte the nectar of the ſkies;
Harmonious concord decks her ſmiling train,
And the glad world receives her bliſsful reign;
Domeſtic broils and civil factions ceaſe,
And one kind glance ſoothes Britain's wars to Peace.

Thus for a while th' impetuous torrents roar,
And with loud tempeſts laſh the howling ſhore;
The furious whirlwinds tear the deſart plain,
While the rough landſcape ſtares th' affrighted ſwain:
Till by degrees the winds forget to blow,
And the ſwoln rivers their own channels know;
The liquid clouds ſeal up their fonts again,
And bright'ning ſunſhine cheers the rural ſcene.

Banks of Tweed. T. T. MELROSENSIS.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

An ELEGY *on a young* LADY *in the County of Galloway.*

YE Gallovidian nymphs and ſwains,
Who haunt theſe ever happy plains
Where innocence reſides;
Ah! ceaſe your ſports, and hither come,
View fair AMASIA's graſſy tomb,
Where frantic fancy bleeds.

Your hands let blooming myrtle bear,
On ev'ry flower a chryſtal tear
From pity's eye be ſhed:
There, leaning o'er the little ſpot,
By heedleſs mortals ſoon forgot,
The tender foliage ſpread.

By turns her early worth recite,
And to your boſoms chaſte invite
Such virtue there to dwell.
Learn not to truſt to youthful bloom,
Capricious fates preſide our doom,
And faireſt hopes cancell.

Feb. 13. 1778. ROMEO.

On DREAMS.

By the Rev. Mr GREAVES.

'DREAMS are from Jove,' thus ſung the bard of old *.
The modern ſage †, if not more wiſe, more bold,
To matter modified annexing thought,
From earth, from clay, their origin has brought,
"The ſoul's a mere machine;" they thence explain
By motion's laws the viſions of the brain.

* *Homer.* † *Dr. P.*

But how can fancy then her vigils keep,
When this mechanic frame is lull'd to sleep?
Though sages may, yet sure th' unletter'd clown (is down.
Ne'er seeks the hour—when once his clock
Dreams then as far the powers of clay surpass,
As Myra's self her image in the glass.

"Dreams are from Jove!" their origin divine: (shrine.
No truth more sure e'er spoke the Delphic ‡
Fatigu'd with care, with daily toils oppress,
When now the languid carcass sinks to rest:
The soul takes wing; to distant regions flies;
Exults, expands; "commercing with the skies:"
Assumes fresh vigour; thro' Elysian groves;
Thro' fairy scenes, her own creation roves:
Revels in bliss, to waking wights unknown;
The earth, the air, the universe her own.
She rhymes, harangues, or hails the absent friend;
Her views enlarg'd to future times extend.
No chains of matter can her powers controul:
Thus dreams display the grandeur of the soul.

PARODY.

WHEN tuneful bards in lofty verse,
Rich in numbers, rich in thought,
To th' attentive world rehearse
Acts with godlike virtues fraught;
Tho' Envy may detract awhile,
The opposition's vain:——
But ah! how hard to check the smile,
When *fact* inspires the strain!

Each feeble word, each hobbling line
And sycophantic period, mark
The pen dragg'd forth by royal wine!
From its retirement dull and dark
By ev'ry jingle is declar'd
St James's prostituted bard.

Why, Whitehead, should thy tuneless soul
Call forth our passions into play;
And, raising heats thou shouldst controul,
Graft politics on New-Year's day?

Could not thy torpid spirit mark
The change of seasons in the Park,
Or in St James's Yard?
Content with these, thou shouldst at home
Have staid; for cross the seas to roam
Fits not St James's bard.

Quit politics, and bow thy knee
To Dullness; that her wise decree
Thy odes may regulate!
Submit at once, and be forgiven,
That to her bosom as to heaven,
Thy lays may thee translate.

‡ *Oracle of Apollo.*

PROLOGUE *to the new* TRAGEDY *of the* BATTLE *of* HASTINGS. *Written by Mr* CUMBERLAND. *Spoken by Mr* HENDERSON.

TO holy land in superstition's day,
When barefoot pilgrims trode their weary way,
By mother church's unremitting law (raw;
Scourg'd into grace, with shoulders red and
Kneeling demure before the sacred shrine,
On the hard flint they begg'd the boon divine;
Pardon for what offending flesh had done,
And pity for the long, long course they'd run,
Fines, pains, and penalties, securely past,
Slow-pac'd forgiveness met their pray'r at last,
Full absolution from conceding Rome,
Cancell'd all sin, past, present, and to come.
Your poet thus prophanely led aside
To range o'er tragic land without a guide,
To pick perhaps, with no invidious aim,
A few cast fallings from the tree of fame.
Damn'd, tho' untried, by the despotic rule
Of the stern doctors in detraction's school;
Lath'd down each column of a public page,
And driv'n o'er burning ploughshares to the stage,
Be-rhim'd, be-ridicul'd with doggrel wit,
Sues for a pardon from his pope—the Pit.
Pensive he stands in penitential weeds,
With a huge rosary of untold beads;
Sentenc'd for past offences to rehearse,
Ave Apollo's to the god of verse;
And sure there's no one but an author knows
The penance which an author undergoes.
If then your worships a few stripes award,
Let not your beadles lay them on too hard;
For in the world there's not a thing so thin,
So full of feeling as your poet's skin.
What, if perchance, he snatch'd a playful kiss
From that free-hearted romp the comic miss!
That frolic's past, he's turn'd to years of grace,
And a young sinner now supplies his place.
Sure you'll not grudge a little sober chat
With this demur old tabby tragic cat:
No charge lies here of conversation crim.
He hopes you'll think her fame no worse for him.

HUMAN VANITY.

AS I have seen at rising morn,
When deck'd in gay attire,
The fragrant rose, the blooming thorn,
'Ere night descend, expire:
Or as the dew-bespangled meads,
'Ere Sol shoots forth his ray;
Around his radiant lustre spreads,
'Ere noon it flies away.

So Russia's icy fabric fled,
Expos'd to Phœbus' heat;
Low sunk its once aspiring head,
And made its quick retreat:
Man's tow'ring aims and schemes so deep,
Like bubbles in the wind,
Shall all in dark oblivion sleep,
"Nor leave a wreck behind."

THE REVIEW.

The HISTORY *of* AMERICA, *&c.*
[P. 163.]

GASCA, notwithſtanding his advanced age and feeble conſtitution, did not heſitate a moment about complying with the will of his ſovereign. In order to ſhew that it was from this principle alone that he acted, he refuſed a biſhopric which was offered to him, in order that he might bear a more dignified character; he would accept of no higher title than that of preſident of the court of audience in Lima; and declared that he would receive no ſalary on account of his diſcharging the duties of that office. All he required was, that the expence of ſupporting his family ſhould be defrayed by the public, and as he was to go like a miniſter of peace with his gown and breviary, and without any retinue but a few domeſtics, this would not load the revenue with any enormous burden.

As from the nature of his employment, Gaſca muſt be entruſted with diſcretionary power in ſeveral points, and all his efforts might prove ineffectual if he was circumſcribed in any one particular, Charles ſcrupled not to inveſt him with unlimited authority, that his juriſdiction might reach to all perſons and to all cauſes; he was empowered to pardon, to puniſh, or to reward, as circumſtances and the behaviour of different men might require. Highly ſatisfied with this freſh proof of his maſter's confidence, Gaſca haſtened his departure, and, without either money or troops, ſet out to quell a formidable rebellion.

On his arrival at Nombre de Dios, he found Hernan Mexia, an officer of note, poſted there, by order of Pizarro, with a conſiderable body of men, to oppoſe the landing of any hoſtile forces. But Gaſca appeared in ſuch pacific guiſe, with a train ſo little formidable, and with a title of no ſuch dignity as to excite terror, that he was received with much reſpect.—From Nombre de Dios he advanced to Panama, and met with a ſimilar reception from Hinojoſa, whom Pizarro had entruſted with the government of that town, and the command of his fleet ſtationed there. In both places he held the ſame language, declaring that he was ſent by their ſovereign as a meſſenger of peace, not as a miniſter of vengeance; that he came to redreſs all their grievances, to revoke the laws which had excited alarm, to pardon paſt offences, and to re-eſtabliſh order and juſtice in the government of Peru. His mild deportment, the ſimplicity of his manners, the ſanctity of his profeſſion, and a winning appearance of candour, gained credit to his declarations. The veneration due to a perſon clothed with legal authority, and acting in virtue of a royal commiſſion, began to revive among men accuſtomed for ſome time to nothing more reſpectable than an uſurped juriſdiction. Hinojoſa, Mexia, and ſeveral other officers of diſtinction, to each of whom Gaſca applied ſeparately, were gained over to his intereſt, and waited only for ſome decent occaſion of declaring openly in his favour.

This the violence of Pizarro ſoon afforded them. As ſoon as he heard of Gaſca's arrival at Panama, though he received, at the ſame time, an account of the nature of his commiſſion, and was informed that he offered to render every Spaniard in Peru eaſy concerning what was paſt, by an act of general oblivion; and ſecure with reſpect to the future, by repealing the obnoxious laws; inſtead of accepting with gratitude his ſovereign's gracious conceſſions, he was ſo much exaſperated on finding that he was not to be continued in his ſtation as governor of the country, that he inſtantly reſolved to oppoſe the preſident's entry into Peru, and to prevent his exerciſing any juriſdiction there. To this deſperate reſolution he added another as highly prepoſterous. He ſent a new deputation to Spain to juſtify this conduct, and to inſiſt, in name of all the communities in Peru, for a confirmation of the government to himſelf during life, as the only means of preſerving tranquillity there. The perſons intruſted with this ſtrange commiſſion, intimated the intention of Pizarro to the preſident, and required him, in his name, to depart from Panama, and return to Spain. They carried likewiſe ſecret inſtructions to Hinojoſa, directing him to offer Gaſca a preſent of fifty thouſand peſos, if he would comply voluntarily with what was demanded of him; and if he ſhould continue obſtinate, to cut him off either by aſſaſſination or poiſon.

Hinojoſa, amazed at his precipitate reſolution of ſetting himſelf in oppoſition to the emperor's commiſſion, and diſdaining to be his inſtrument in executing

the odious crimes pointed out in his ſecret inſtructions, publicly recognized the preſident as his only lawful ſuperior. The officers under his command did the ſame. Such was the contagious influence of the example, that it reached even the deputies who had been ſent from Peru; and at the time when Pizarro expected to hear either of Gaſca's return to Spain, or of his death, he received an account of his being maſter of the fleet, of Panama, and of the troops ſtationed there.

Irritated almoſt to madneſs by an event ſo unexpected, he openly prepared for war; and in order to give ſome colour of juſtice to his arms, he appointed the court of audience in Lima to proceed to the trial of Gaſca, for the crimes of having ſeized his ſhips, ſeduced his officers, and prevented his deputies from proceeding on their voyage to Spain. Cepeda, though acting as a judge in virtue of the royal commiſſion, did not ſcruple to proſtitute the dignity of his function by finding Gaſca guilty of treaſon, and condemning him to death on that account. Wild, and even ridiculous, as this proceeding was, it impoſed on the low illiterate adventurers, with whom Peru was filled, by the reſemblance of a legal ſanction warranting Pizarro to carry on hoſtilities againſt a convicted traitor. Soldiers accordingly reſorted from every quarter to his ſtandard, and he was ſoon at the head of a thouſand men, the beſt equipped that had ever taken the field in Peru.

Gaſca, on his part, perceiving that force muſt be employed in order to accompliſh the purpoſe of his miſſion, was no leſs aſſiduous in collecting troops from Nicaragua, Carthagena, and other ſettlements on the continent; and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he was ſoon in a condition to detach a ſquadron of his fleet, with a conſiderable body of ſoldiers, to the coaſt of Peru. Their appearance excited a dreadful alarm; and though they did not attempt for ſome time to make any deſcent, they did more effectual ſervice, by ſetting aſhore in different places perſons who diſperſed copies of the act of general indemnity, and the revocation of the late edicts; and who made known every where the pacific intentions, as well as mild temper, of the preſident. The effect of ſpreading this information was wonderful. All who were diſſatisfied with Pizarro's violent adminiſtration, all who retained any ſentiments of fidelity to their ſovereign, began to meditate a revolt. Some openly deſerted a cauſe which they now deemed to be unjuſt. Centeno, leaving the cave in which he lay concealed, aſſembled about fifty of his former adherents, and with this feeble half-armed band advanced boldly to Cuzco. By a ſudden attack in the night time, in which he diſplayed no leſs military ſkill than valour, he rendered himſelf maſter of that capital, though defended by a garriſon of five hundred men. Moſt of theſe having ranged themſelves under his banners, he had ſoon the command of a reſpectable body of troops.

Pizarro, though aſtoniſhed at beholding one enemy approaching by ſea, and another by land, at a time when he truſted to the union of all Peru in his favour, was of a ſpirit more undaunted, and more accuſtomed to the viciſſitudes of fortune, than to be diſconcerted or appalled. As the danger from Centeno's operations was the moſt urgent, he inſtantly ſet out to oppoſe him. Having provided horſes for all his ſoldiers, he marched with amazing rapidity. But every morning he found his force diminiſhed by numbers who had left him during the night; and though he became ſuſpicious to exceſs, and puniſhed without mercy all whom he ſuſpected, the rage of deſertion was too violent to be checked. Before he got within ſight of the enemy at Huarina, near the lake Titiaca, he could not muſter more than four hundred ſoldiers. But theſe he juſtly conſidered as men of tried attachment, on whom he might depend. They were indeed the boldeſt and moſt deſperate of his followers, conſcious like himſelf of crimes for which they could hardly expect forgiveneſs, and without any hope but in the ſucceſs of their arms. With theſe he did not heſitate to attack Centeno's troops, though double to his own in number. The royaliſts did not decline the combat. It was the moſt obſtinate and bloody that had hitherto been fought in Peru. At length the intrepid valour of Pizarro, and the ſuperiority of Carvajal's military talents, triumphed over numbers, and obtained a complete victory. The booty was immenſe, and the treatment of the vanquiſhed cruel. By this ſignal ſucceſs the reputation of Pizarro was re-eſtabliſhed, and being now deemed invincible in the field, his army increaſed daily in number.

But events happened in other parts of Peru which more than counterbalanced the ſplendid victory at Huarina. Pizarro had ſcarcely left Lima, when the citizens, weary of his oppreſſive dominion, erected the royal ſtandard, and Aldana, with a detachment of ſoldiers from the fleet, took poſſeſſion of the town. About the ſame time the preſident landed at Tumbez with five hundred men. Encouraged by his preſence, every ſettlement in the low country declared for the king. He appointed the general rendezvous of his troops in the fertile valley of Xauxa, on the road to Cuzco. Pizarro, intoxicated with the ſucceſs which had hitherto accompanied his arms, and elated with having again near a thouſand men under his command, refuſed to liſten to any terms, although Cepeda, together with ſeveral of his officers, and even Carvajal himſelf, gave it as their advice to cloſe with the preſident's offer of a general indemnity, and the revocation of the obnoxious laws. Gaſca having tried in vain every expedient to avoid embruing his hands in the blood of his countrymen, began to move towards Cuzco at the head of ſixteen hundred men.

Pizarro, confident of victory, ſuffered the royaliſts to paſs all the rivers that lie between Guamanga and Cuzco, without oppoſition, and to advance within four leagues of that capital, flattering himſelf that a defeat in ſuch a ſituation as rendered a retreat impracticable would at once terminate the war. He then marched out to meet the enemy, and Carvajal choſe his ground, and made the diſpoſition of the troops with the diſcerning eye, and profound knowledge in the art of war, conſpicuous in all his operations. As the two armies moved forward ſlowly to the charge, the appearance of each was ſingular. In that of Pizarro, compoſed of men enriched with the ſpoils of the moſt opulent country in America, every officer, and almoſt all the private men, were clothed in ſtuffs of ſilk or brocade, embroidered with gold and ſilver; and their horſes, their arms, their ſtandards, were adorned with all the pride of military pomp. That of Gaſca, though not ſo ſplendid, exhibited what was no leſs ſtriking. He himſelf, accompanied by the archbiſhop of Lima, the biſhops of Quito and Cuzco, and a great number of eccleſiaſtics, marching along the lines, bleſſing the men, and encouraging them to a reſolute diſcharge of their duty.

When both were juſt ready to engage, Cepeda ſet ſpurs to his horſe, galloped off, and ſurrendered himſelf to the preſident. Carcilaſſo de la Vega, and other officers of note followed his example. The revolt of perſons of ſuch high rank ſtruck all with amazement. The mutual confidence on which the union and ſtrength of armies depend, ceaſed at once. Diſtruſt and conſternation ſpread from rank to rank. Some ſilently ſlipped away, others threw down their arms, the greateſt number went over to the royaliſts. Pizarro, Carvajal, and ſome leaders, employed authority, threats, and entreaties to ſtop them, but in vain. In leſs than half an hour, a body of men, which might have decided the fate of the Peruvian empire, was totally diſperſed. Pizarro, ſeeing all irretrievably loſt, cried out in amazement to a few officers who ſtill faithfully adhered to him, "What remains for us to do?" "Let us ruſh, replied one of them, upon the enemy's firmeſt battalion, and die like Romans." Dejected with ſuch a reverſe of fortune, he had not ſpirit to follow this ſoldierly counſel, and, with a tameneſs diſgraceful to his former fame, he ſurrendered to one of Gaſca's officers. Carvajal, endeavouring to eſcape, was overtaken and ſeized.

Gaſca, happy in this bloodleſs victory, did not ſtain it with cruelty. Pizarro, Carvajal, and a ſmall number of the moſt diſtinguiſhed or notorious offenders were puniſhed capitally. Pizarro was beheaded on the day after he ſurrendered. He ſubmitted to his fate with a compoſed dignity, and ſeemed deſirous to atone by repentance for the crimes which he had committed. The end of Carvajal was ſuitable to his life. On his trial he offered no defence. When the ſentence adjudging him to be hanged was pronounced, he careleſsly replied, "One can die but once." During the interval between the ſentence and execution, he diſcovered no ſign either of remorſe for the paſt, or of ſolicitude about the future; ſcoffing at all who viſited him, in his uſual ſarcaſtic vein of mirth, with the ſame quickneſs of repartee and groſs pleaſantry as at any other period of his life. Cepeda, more criminal than either, ought to have ſhared the ſame fate; but the merit of having deſerted his aſſociates at ſuch a critical moment, and with ſuch deciſive effect, ſaved him from immediate puniſhment. He was ſent, however, as a priſoner to Spain, and died in confinement.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Observations concerning the Military and Political State or Conſtitution of the Army of his Pruſſian *Majeſty, together with ſome Anecdotes relative to the private life of that Monarch.* [P. 187.]

THE work before us ſeems to be the reſult of ſuch accurate and authentic information, that we are tempted to follow this entertaining author beyond our uſual bounds. The ſubject of the book is a very extraordinary perſonage, and therefore the length of our extract needs leſs apology.—We ſhall not enlarge on our author's account of the royal family, and of the entertainments which the monarch gives them twice or thrice in a year at the new palace, which he built with a truly royal magnificence, (like the wiſe-man's *neighbour* in the parable), in the middle of a ſandy plain ſurrounded with a marſh, and which coſt him ſix million of crowns. "The king (ſays he) loves his family, which is very numerous; he lives in perfect good underſtanding with the queen; but he ſees her only two or three times in a year, and ſhe comes rarely to Potſdam.—He ſtill retains a high degree of affection for the princeſs of Brunſwick, whoſe marriage with the prince of Pruſſia was diſſolved, and whoſe misfortunes will probably ſoon end."—This lively princeſs having ordered ſome rich ſtuffs from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her confinement, the cuſtom-houſe officer rudely arreſted them till the duty ſhould be paid;—the princeſs, incenſed, let him know, that ſhe would ſatisfy his demands, and deſired that he would come himſelf with the ſtuffs, for that purpoſe. On his entrance into the apartment of the princeſs, ſhe flew at him, ſeized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciſe man, in a violent fit of reſentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the diſhonourable treatment he had met with in the exerciſe of his office. The king, having read the memorial, anſwered it as follows:

"The loſs of the duties belongs to my "account.—The ſtuffs are to remain in "the poſſeſſion of the princeſs,—the cuffs "with him that received them:—as to "the ſuppoſed diſhonour, I cancel it at "the requeſt of the complainant,—but "it is of itſelf null—for the white hand "of a fair lady cannot poſſibly diſhonour "the face of a cuſtom-houſe officer.

(Signed) FREDERICK."

The author quotes ſeveral other anecdotes, which ſhew, that the ſeverity, generally ſuppoſed to be the predominant feature in the character of this prince, is not incompatible with an agreeable ſpirit of pleaſantry. This pleaſantry is often, however, rough in the moments when the monarch unbends himſelf into familiar effuſions with the perſons whom he likes moſt. Among theſe was the famous Quintus Icilius *: we ſay *was*, for this ſingular man died lately. If Quintus has thrown upon paper *all* he knew (which he may have done for aught we know), and if that paper could become acceſſible to the curious, they would be gratified, ſurely, by a more accurate and full account of the character of this monarch (hitherto but ambiguouſly defined) than is attainable perhaps in any other way: for as Quintus was the object of his eſteem, his pleaſantry, and alſo of his curioſity, as a ſingular ſort of being,—as the monarch often laughed with him, ſometimes quarrelled with him, and always diſtinguiſhed him by admitting him to his private converſation, when he unbent his mind from the buſineſs of the day,—as Quintus entertained him by his learning, amuſed him with ſtories, talked him to ſleep every night, and thus ſaw him in his moſt unreſtrained moments, no body could be better qualified to give us this intereſting article of biography. This ſame Quintus was not (as our author tells us) profeſſor in a German univerſity before his entrance into the ſervice of the King of Pruſſia; he was, indeed, a prodigy of erudition, and had ſolicited a profeſſorſhip in the univerſity of Franeker in Frieſland, but, not ſucceeding, he turned his views towards a military life. He was a captain in the ſervice of the united Provinces in the year 1758, about which time he entered into the ſervice of the King of Pruſſia, who changed his name of Charles Guiſchard into that of Quintus Icilius, on account of the profound knowledge which this extraordinary man † had of the *tactics* of

* M. Guiſchard.

† GUISCHARD, at the age of twelve, underſtood Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, and Latin.—Engliſh, Dutch, and Italian were as familiar to him as the German, which was his native language. He learned French without a maſter, and publiſhed (in 1758), in that

the Greeks and Romans, though we believe that this Roman name was not given without a mixed ſmile of pleaſantry and applauſe.

The king's treaſurer, to whom he entruſts his ſtrong box, and the payment of all the expences of his kitchen, livery, ſtables, and many other particulars, is an *Heyduc*, who can neither read nor write, who ſits upon the box, with the coachman, when the king travels, and has ſecretaries under him, that follow their maſter in a carriage. It is ſingular to ſee the degree of confidence which the king places in perſons of this kind. His privy purſe has ſeveral times ſuffered by this, if we may give credit to the anecdotes related by our author, ſome of which are comical enough, and ſhew not only that the monarch has often his pocket picked, but that he lays the matter very little to heart, and bears theſe domeſtic depredations with a good grace. He bluſters for a moment, and then lets the matter drop —he calls them rogues and thieves, and that is, generally ſpeaking, all the puniſhment they meet with. From many examples of patience and generoſity, recorded in the work before us, we muſt conclude, that avarice (properly ſpeaking) is not one of the paſſions of this monarch: for though it cannot be denied, that he has increaſed his opulence by irregular means, and that he hoards and manages it with œconomy, yet he rewards nobly on many occaſions, and often ſuffers himſelf to be cheated by a philoſophical tranquillity. Take the following inſtance of his liberality, among ſeveral related by our author: General Leſchwitz had ſerved the king during the laſt war with the greateſt diſtinction, without having received the ſmalleſt recompence, and, after the peace was concluded, ſix years paſſed, during which the king ſcarcely ſpoke to him. At the end of this period the government of Potſdam and a regiment of guards became vacant, and this ſeemingly-neglected general received them both from his royal maſter. The ſame year lands to the value of 200,000 crowns, of which the king had the reverſion, fall into his hands, and he laid hold of this new opportunity of rewarding his general. He made over to him theſe lands by a formal donation, ordered him to take immediate poſſeſſion of them, and accompanied his gift with the following ſhort letter:

"Monſ. Le General Leſchwitz, The important ſervices you rendered me during the laſt war, are ſtill freſh in my remembrance—I have been waiting with impatience for an opportunity of rewarding you—I could not do ſo before this moment—Go and take poſſeſſion of the lands, made over to you in the patent here incloſed, &c. (Signed) FREDERICK."

Whatever the motives of his majeſty might be, this method of proceeding is no bad policy.

This monarch has always on his table an exact liſt of the product of the finances, and the expences of government; and every year, after caſting up the account, and ſtriking the balance, he throws into his treaſure a ſurplus of about 400,000 crowns. A part of his ſavings is employed in penſions, preſents, buildings, &c. At his expence forty houſes are built every year at Berlin, and thirty-two at Potſdam, which laſt, if the king lives ten years longer, will be one of the fineſt cities in Germany. The new built houſes are given to individuals, ſometimes to the king's officers, but always on condition that, in each houſe, certain chambers be ſet apart for lodging ſoldiers, as there are no caſerns at Potſdam. The proprietor of the houſe is alſo bound to keep a maid-ſervant to make their beds, clean their rooms, go to market for them, and dreſs their victuals. The king has ornamented Potſdam with almoſt every thing that can render the aſpect of a city agreeable; but he has neglected, till it has fallen into ruin, a little ſquare building in the middle of the great pond, or reſervoir, where his royal father uſed to repair every evening to *drink beer* and *ſmoak a pipe* with his generals, and to forget the cares of government over a collation of cold ham, cold ſalt-beef, and Brunſwick ſauſages. This will excite different kinds of ſmiles in different readers.---And yet what does the fact prove? Only that his majeſty liked beer better than wine, and cold beef better than ragouts: and where is the harm of that?

The expences of all theſe buildings are conſiderable, becauſe the managers are often unfaithful, and their frauds are not puniſhed with ſufficient ſeverity; and

language, in 2 vols 4to, with plans and figures his *Military Memoirs concerning the Greeks and Romans*, &c. a work of ſingular merit, which has gone through three editions. A little before his death he publiſhed in 4 vols 8vo, *Hiſtorical and Critical Memoirs concerning ſeveral Points of Military Antiquities.*

what is the moſt to be blamed here, is, that while the king is cheated, the ſubject is not relieved, and the managers are the only gainers. Our author remarks, that the places of ſtrength, which have been either built or repaired by this monarch, while they coſt him enormouſly, are very defective, difficult to defend, and, upon the whole, rather an embarraſſment than an advantage. The conſtruction of the fortreſs of Silberberg in Sileſia, and the repairs of the fortifications of Glatz, have coſt between ſix and ſeven millions of crowns, without being put really into a better ſtate; "and though (ſaith our author) the fortifications of thoſe places are augmented every year, I ſhould not like to be intruſted with their defence." Our author may be in the right, for more reaſons than that which he alledges. For, according to this account, the monarch handles rudely the officer that gives up a place, without having held it out to the laſt extremity.

Our author takes notice of the excellent foundations which the preſent King of Pruſſia has formed, or reſtored, in his dominions. Among theſe, particular attention is due to the military academy or ſchool for the nobility, which is under the wiſeſt and beſt regulations, and coſts his majeſty, every year, 45,000 crowns, which is beyond credibility, if we conſider that the noblemen educated there are but fifteen in number. The *hotel des cadets nobles*, i. e. the foundation of the noble cadets, contains 350: theſe come from the remoter provinces, particularly Pomerania, which ſwarms with poor nobility. This eſtabliſhment is nothing like the preceding; it is, accordingly, unworthy of farther notice, though in ſome reſpects it may be found uſeful. Nothing can be more admirable than the education that is given in the former; but in the latter this is by no means the caſe. This latter eſtabliſhment is the nurſery of ſubaltern officers for the Pruſſian armies. The orphan-houſe of Potſdam is an admirable foundation, and well managed. Six thouſand children are received into that aſylum of diſtreſſed humanity, and are nouriſhed, clothed, and ſupported at the king's expence. The boys are ſoldiers born, and are diſtributed through the ſeveral regiments, as they arrive at the age that fits them for ſervice; and the girls (who ſometimes have and *take* too much liberty) are ſupported until they are placed out, or married. Several foundations of this kind are to be met with in other parts of the Pruſſian dominions.

The meaſures taken by this monarch (if we may give credit to our Author) to promote the propagation of the ſpecies in his territories, are ſomewhat extraordinary, or muſt ſeem ſo, at leaſt to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to the ideas and maxims of morality, generally received. Pregnancy is rendered reſpectable, however it has been acquired; a big-belly ſecures, by law, the licentious daughter from the reproaches of her parents, and the maid-ſervant from the cenſures of her maſter. When a girl is with child, ſhe applies to the magiſtrate, who fixes the place where ſhe is to lie-in; and the inhabitants of the city or village pay the expences of her delivery, if ſhe or her family are not in circumſtances to do it. The hoſpitals (which is very ſurpriſing) are ſadly neglected, according to the accounts of our author, through all the Pruſſian dominions; and by a number of facts alledged in the work before us, it would appear, that of all the ſoldiers in Europe, the Pruſſian ſoldier has the greateſt reaſon to dread a bed of ſickneſs.

The Pruſſian manufactures are, at leaſt ſome of them, in a good ſtate; thoſe of ſilk at Berlin and Francfort on the Oder, which are carried on by French Proteſtants, ſucceed well. The china-manufacture at Berlin, has made ſuch a progreſs towards perfection, that it almoſt equals that of Dreſden, both in beauty of painting, and elegance of pattern. As this manufacture is carried on for the king's account, his majeſty (who underſtands perfectly the practical ſcience of ways and means) employs among others one good expedient to promote the ſale of its productions. Every Jew, who marries, is obliged to buy directly at the royal warehouſe, a certain quantity of china, proportioned to his circumſtances; and this quantity is never ſmaller than 200 crowns, amounting ſometimes to 6000. The purchaſer is allowed to ſell what he has bought, nay, even to ſend it to foreign countries without paying duty.

There are many objects relating to the city of Berlin, the palaces of the royal family, their country-ſeats, amuſements, and manner of living, for which we muſt refer the reader to the work itſelf. It is ſingular enough that we have already

made ſuch a long extract from a book whoſe title relates only to the conſtitution of the Pruſſian armies, and have not, yet, made any mention of theſe armies. We thought that the perſonal and domeſtic anecdotes, relating to the king of Pruſſia, would be more acceptable to our readers in general—and we have a notion that the military details contained in this book are not unknown to officers and others, who are curious about ſuch matters. M.

A Letter to the Right Honourable Willoughby Bertie, by deſcent *Earl of* Abingdon, by deſcent *Lord* Norreys; *High Steward of* Abingdon *and* Wallingford. *In which his Lordſhip's candid and liberal Treatment of the* now *Earl of* Mansfield, *is fully vindicated.* 8vo. *One Pound Scotch.* Payne.

THIS is an ironical publication, in which Lord Abingdon is ſeverely handled for his attack upon Lord Manſfield in a late pamphlet, and the chief-juſtice as ably defended. The author appears to hold no common pen. His performance has much merit, and ſpeaks a maſter's hand. Independently of politics, its genuine wit and humour intitle it to peruſal. Were it not for what it ſays of a ſimilar publication *, we might perhaps aſcribe it to the ſame author. The pamphlet before us is confeſſedly written by a gentleman at the bar. Our readers may judge of the whole from the firſt page or two, which we ſhall tranſcribe for their entertainment.

"My Lord,

"There is a part of your lordſhip's very maſterly performance, entitled---"*Thoughts on the Letter of Edmund Burke, Eſq; to the Sheriffs of Briſtol*"---which has, by many, been ſeverely, but unjuſtly, cenſured. Whether it be from envy, or from what other motive, I cannot ſay; but there are, who have gone ſo far as to brand it with the unſeemly epithets of ---"ill-timed, uncandid, illiberal." It is that part, my lord, where you ſpeak of the *now* Earl of Manſfield †. I thought, therefore,--(thinking, your lordſhip ſees, is catching)---I thought I could not render a more acceptable ſervice to your lordſhip, nor a more uſeful one to the public, than to ſend forth this ſhort, but, I truſt, full, defence of the paſſage in queſtion. To encourage young ſpeakers is among the merits of Governor Johnſtone *: be it among mine to encourage young writers. For many reaſons I deferred the publication of this my commentary to the preſent hour. The buſineſs of my profeſſion gave me no earlier opportunity of peruſing your lordſhip's work with attention. I was willing, beſides, to wait, till more editions than one had appeared: becauſe I was willing to have your lordſhip's cool, deliberate thoughts. For, I ſaw, your lordſhip had offered the captivating excuſes of incapacity and inability; the conciliating appeal to the candour of the world: in a firſt edition thoſe excuſes might have been troubleſome, becauſe they kept open to your lordſhip a door of retreat: in a fourth edition they are mere nullities; all retreat is precluded. I may now, therefore, enter upon my taſk with greater boldneſs. Whatever it might be at the firſt, your lordſhip's aim in ſubmitting your thoughts a fourth time to the public, muſt *be* "*to confute, not to be convinced; to point out error, not to arrive at truth.*" For the ſake of mutual eaſe I ſhall lay aſide the pedantic ſtile of ordinary commentators, and follow the example of Mr Burke. As he comments upon acts of parliament, I therefore, I muſt leave undefended. But I will venture to reprove this ſecond thinker for his uncandid inſinuation, that Lord Abingdon meant *any reflection*, by giving to the word *now* "all the emphaſis of Italics." Lord Abingdon knew the blood of the Murrays, though not ſubtilized by the volatile ſalts of Italy, to be at leaſt as pure, at leaſt as noble, as the blood of the Berties. What reflection could he then mean? No reflection at all. The emphatic *now* was ſuggeſted by the inbred modeſty of diffident merit, as much as "by the inbred politeneſs of hereditary rank." It is the voice of humility. "Rank me"—ſo his lordſhip ſhould be underſtood—"Rank me among thoſe, who

"Nothing themſelves, are of their fathers vain."

"Remember my antagoniſt is a man, who, even had he not been ſo nobly deſcended, *would* "Have *earn'd* thoſe honours I was *born* to wear."

* Second Thoughts, or Obſervations upon Lord Abingdon's Thoughts.

† The author of "Second Thoughts" has ſeverely handled many of our noble author's Thoughts. I would not wantonly expoſe myſelf to his gripe. Theſe unfortunate thoughts,

* The governor's reply to a young baronet (Sir G. Elliot) at the opening of this Seſſion. [*See* Weekly Mercury, Vol. II. p. 139.]

ſhall comment upon the Thoughts of Peers, in the looſe, deſultory, ſtile of a letter-writer.

"What effect the letter of Mr Burke may have produced upon the good ſheriffs of Briſtol, is more than I am able to determine. Be that as it may, great is the merit of this letter; immenſe the advantages, which this thrice happy country has already derived, and will, no doubt, continue to derive, from it. To have produced no effect on the ſheriffs of Briſtol, would not detract from the merits of the Letter. Poſſible it is, as one of our adverſaries has ſuggeſted, that "the underſtandings of ſheriffs may be ſlower than the underſtandings of all other his majeſty's liege ſubjects; and the underſtandings of the ſheriffs of this fame good city of Briſtol ſlower than the underſtandings of the ſheriffs of all other cities." A woolpack is ſaid to be impenetrable to a cannon-ball: and ſo might be the heads of theſe ſheriffs to the impetuous momentum of Mr Burke's eloquence. But into penetrable matter the Letter forced its way. It did more than the learning, the inſtruction, the rod of a Markham: it produced effects, which neither the acquaintance of a De Lolme, the converſation of a Forſter, the intimacy of a Vivian, were able to produce *. It taught your lordſhip to think: it emboldened you to publiſh your thoughts to an aſtoniſhed world. And here, as it was to be expected, its miraculous effects have ceaſed. I am not among thoſe who think it ought to have done more; who think that to "the pen of a ready writer," it ſhould have added "the gift of tongues;" ſhould have given your lordſhip courage to ſpeak."

We wiſh the limits to our Review would ſuffer us to contribute to the entertainment of our readers by tranſcribing more of this well-written performance.

C.

* It is certain, however incredible it may appear, that our noble author had the happineſs of being educated by Dr Markham; of being acquainted, converſing, travelling, with the three other gentlemen; the firſt of whom is well known by his Hiſtory of the Conſtitution of England; the ſecond by ſeveral political works, as well as by many able performances in his profeſſional line; and, by the way, ought to be known by a more diſtinguiſhed rank in that profeſſion: the third, alas! is dead.

I am ſorry his lordſhip yet remembers the ſmart of his maſter's rod. It may be dangerous to ſpeak of it ſo publicly. Departed kings are, among ſubjects, the beſt of kings. Departed maſters are, among ſcholars, the beſt of maſters. In the eyes of ſcholars, to tell tales out of ſchool is a high crime and miſdemeanour: and, ever and anon, ſcholars, taking upon them to puniſh ſuch crimes and miſdemeanours, have uſed the birch as ſeverely as their maſters. Caveat!

The Laws reſpecting Women, as they regard their natural Rights, or other Connections and Conduct, in which their Intereſt and Duties, in every Relation of Life, are aſcertained and enumerated. Alſo the Obligations of Parent and Child, and the condition of Minors. The whole laid down according to the Principles of the Common and Statute Law, Explained by the Practice of the Courts of Law and Equity, and deſcribing the Nature and Extent of the Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction, &c. In Four Books. 8vo. 6s. Johnſon.

COMPILATIONS of this kind, which refer to particular claſſes or denominations of mankind, are extremely uſeful and neceſſary to individuals of the communities, who cannot reſort to the aggregate body of laws at large. The rights, claims, reſources, and defences of women, are herein fully aſcertained and explained, and the whole is rendered lively and entertaining, by the variety of curious and important deciſions, here related, in the ſeveral Courts of Law, reſpecting caſes of female complaint and litigation. The laws of Nature have given them a claim to our favour and protection, and thoſe of all civilized States have ever vindicated them from our cruelty or oppreſſion.

M.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

The HUSBANDMAN came two days too late; we ſhall however obſerve his directions.

The Lecture of APELLES is much too dry, and not ſpirited enough either for the conviction or chaſtiſement of the Banditti who broke in upon him.

Though we notified that SCOTO-BRITANNUS's paper was defaced by the tearing of the wafer, we did not preclude him from renewing his obſervations.

The *Chearful Society* are well-meaning ladies, and we ſhall indulge them as oft as our room will admit.—We muſt recommend MONIMIA to an Optician for relief.

The *Epitaphs* have been poſtponed for particular reaſons, but ſhall appear next week.

OBSERVATOR's and MONITOR's verſes are but indifferent, and careleſsly wrote.

Acroſtics are baubles.